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OK

CHICAGO OUTLET **WENR**

(**11:30-12:30 PM**)
TIME

(**APRIL 12, 1935**)
DATE

(**FRIDAY**)
DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers

ORCHESTRA: QUARTET: RANGER'S SONG

ANNOUNCER: Our National Forests cover many types of country and contain many interesting things. They range from the high, rough, mountainous lands of the Rockies and west coast ranges where snow-capped peaks tower majestically over beautiful valleys or deep impenetrable canyons, to the densely timbered hills of the northeast and the "piney woods" of the South.

Up at the Pine Cone Ranger Station today our ranger friends have been welcoming the nice spring weather by having a little family picnic under the big tree by the ranger station. It's a little relaxation from a busy week and they seem to be enjoying it. There's Ranger Jim Robbins sitting back after a hearty dinner, and - maybe we'll catch him in a story telling mood. Let's look in --

JIM: Well, Mary, that was some surprise party and a good feed, too.

JERRY: I'll say -- that ice cream hit the spot.

BESS: It was all delicious, dear, and it was so nice of you to think of it.

MARY: Thank you. - I hope you enjoyed it. I think it's fun to picnic once in a while. (RATTLES CUPS) There, that's all done.

JERRY: What'll we do now, Mary? Go for a ride?

MARY: I'm a little bit tired, Jerry - I was pretty busy this morning running around and getting the lunch ready.

JERRY: Yes, you musta been. Well, it's pretty swell right here.

JIM: Suits me too, want to sit here, Bess?

BESS: Thanks, Jim I think I'll stay right here - the wind's blowing that way.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Why, this is my Sunday pipe - it's not so bad.

MARY: Mr. Robbins, how long have you had that pipe?

JIM: (LAUGHS) Hmm. I can't remember. An old ranger pal by the name of Swearengin gave it to me when I was on the Holy Cross Forest in Colorado.

MARY: Oh, you've worked over there, too?

JIM: Yeah, I was up there for a spell. (PAUSE) A rough old country that -

JERRY: You know, Jim, I'd like to take a pack trip up over that country some time. I'll bet a fellow could get some great fishing up there.

JIM: Fishing - say son, I could show you some pictures that's make your eyes pop, and tell you some stories that'd make your mouth water, about fishing in that country. Bess, do you remember some of those trips we made to Pierre and Snowmass lakes?

BESS: I'll never forget them, Jim, they're among the fondest remembrances of my life. I was young then, Mary, and rode horseback with Jim a lot.

MARY: What good times you must have had.

JERRY: How about the roads, Jim, can one get to the lakes pretty easy?

JIM: (CHUCKLES) That's kinda given me both barrels at once, Jerry. There's three good highways across the forest, some good roads, and some not so good. Some places you can drive to a lake, but mostly it's a case of go horseback or ride shanks mare (LAUGH) Most of the lakes are up around timberline.

JERRY: Hot Ziggity that's what I'm looking for. How do I get there?

JIM: (CHUCKLES) You aim to start today, Jerry?

JERRY: (LAUGHS) I'd like to. (SERIOUSLY) But doggone me, if I ever get a new car -

JIM: Yeah you're like me - if. (PAUSE) Well soon if you ever do just head her down highway 40 (SOUTH) - that'll take you through the north end of the forest, or branch off on number 82 if you want to go through the south end.

JERRY: Jim do you mind if I show Mary your album of Holy Cross pictures?

JIM: Of course not - wouldn't mind going over them again myself.

JERRY: Want to see 'em Mary? There's some dingers.

MARY: Why ask? You know I'm crazy about all of Mr. Robbins' pictures.

JERRY: Me too. Scuse me a minute. (RUNS)

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Mary, the Holy Cross Forest is a wonderful place for a honeymoon trip.

MARY: Oh yeah? (LAUGHS) What do you know about that?

JIM: Bess and I had several there. (LAUGHS)

BESS: (LAUGHING) Mary, I don't know how I've lived with that old scamp as long as I have.

JERRY: (COMING UP...RUNNING) Here it is, Jim.

JIM: Thanks Jerry. Mary, if you like beautiful scenery this can't be beat.

JERRY: It's got to go some to beat this of ours on the Pine Cone, Jim.

JIM: You're right, Jerry, (LAUGHS) but over there the natives call this the most beautiful spot in America. See? Here's a picture of it - Snowmass Peak and lake. The Holy Cross has more peaks over 14,000 feet than any other National Forest in the country.

MARY: That is beautiful. - Look, Jerry, see the reflections in the water? Did you take it?

JIM: Yeah, that's one of mine.

MARY: And who's the pretty girl standing there beside the lake?

JIM: (CHUCKLES) By golly, Bess, you'll have to dig up a quarter for that.

MARY: My goodness, Mrs. Robbins, is that you?

BESS: (LAUGHS) Yes, dear, but I was younger then and (LAUGHS) well, Jim used to say I was pretty.

MARY: I should hope so - why, you look so nice in your breeches and boots and cowboy hat - and what's that - it looks like a gun.

JIM: It was, Mary, Bess used to carry that old six-gun kinda for protection but more for looks, I thought. (LAUGHS)

(ALL LAUGH)

MARY: My goodness, look at all these peaks, Jerry.

JIM: They're part of the Elk Mountain range along with south boundary. There's about a dozen of them around 14,000 feet Capitol, Snowmass, Maroon, Pyramid, Cathedral, Castle -

MARY: What odd names

JIM: I dunno, they're natural names, see the dome and the castles - this one is maroon colored sandstone -

JERRY: They're pretty but I want to find some of those game pictures. Must be a lot of various kinds there.

JIM: There is now. Wasn't much till the National Forest was created. Most of it was killed off in the boom days of the mining camps. Under the present day system of state and federal cooperation the game has picked up and now I could show you elk and deer any old week day and some mountain sheep and bear on Sundays. (CHUCKLES) How's this Jerry? Some game we got on the frying pan - Woody Creek Divide.

JERRY: Hot dog! Lead me to it. Three elk and four deer.

JIM: (LAUGHS) Twenty four elk were shipped in from Wyoming in 1912 and now that country's darn near overrun with 'em. See - here's one that got tangled up in the ropes of a hay-stacker.

JERRY: Gee! I'd like to get one like that.

MARY: Oh, dear! You men are so hard-hearted. I suppose you killed that poor thing.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) No, Mary. We cut the rope and turned it loose. Even when he was down foraging on the rancher's hay stack.

JERRY: I suppose that's quite a problem where game is plentiful.

JIM: Yes. It's a big problem on all our forests where winter range is short. You see, Mary, we've got to have more winter range for 'em, over there or else control the size of the herds to what the range we have can support, or the ranchmen will be eaten out of house and home, (CHUCKLES) Or, at least, out of hay.

JERRY: You spoke about mines, Jim. - Is there much mining there?

JIM: It's a highly mineralized country, Jerry. All kinds of mines in the 80's and 90's. The Mollie Gibson was the richest silver mine in the world in its boom days. - They mined one piece of chemically pure silver that weighed about a ton - 1840 pounds to be exact. The Empire Zinc has the largest body of that ore known. And there's lots of coal and a mountain of pure white marble. You know they built the Lincoln Memorial in the National Capitol out of that.

JERRY: Say! I'm gonna transfer over there some time. Might find a mine.

JIM: Better stick to your ranger job, boy, I never found any mines over there.

BESS: (LAUGHS) He thought he did once, but it was just fool's gold.

MARY: Fool's gold?

JIM: (LAUGHS) Don't mind her, Mary. Iron pyrite. It's a worthless rock that's fooled a lot of people.

MARY: Oh, see all the pretty lambs - and here's a herd of white-face cattle.

JIM: Yes, some fine stock over there.

MARY: There must be - and here's a bunch of cowboys (LAUGHS) Look, Jerry. See the big hats and chaps and --

JIM: (LAUGHS) Mary, I'm ashamed of you - that's a bunch of forest rangers - some of the old timers that one is Swearengin who gave me this pipe and that big fellow is Harry French - he was the first supervisor of the Forest and he's just retired from the Service.

JERRY: Who's the guy with the big spurs?

JIM: That's Norman Ashlock (LAUGHS) Norman was a real bronc-twister - once he roped a young bear and brought it into town - almost got mobbed for cruelty to animals.

MARY: And who is that tall young fellow on the end?

JIM: (CHUCKLES) I kinda forget - he was an assistant ranger at that time - I believe they called him Jim Robbins. (LAUGH)

MARY: Why I - Mrs. Robbins, is that -

BESS: Yes, Mary, that was Jim before he lost his girlish figure (LAUGH)

JERRY: It's sure a great country, Jim. I'd like to see it.

JIM: You ought to go over to one of those pilgrimages to the Mount of the Holy Cross. It's a huge cross of perpetual snow on the side of the mountain. The whole forest was named after it

MARY: Do they have pilgrimages there?

JERRY: I've read about them in the newspapers.

JIM: Yeah, Mary, it's an annual affair. People of all creeds go there and worship at the natural shrine.

MARY: How do they get up there?

JIM: They don't go up that peak - they go to Notch Mountain just across a deep canyon from the Mount of the Holy Cross. The Forest Service put in a CCC camp at Camp Tigiwon (Tig' i wan) a coupla years ago, and built a road part way up. They put in a big community house and a lot of campground improvements at the end of the road so the Pilgrims might have a place to camp.

JERRY: Well - how far is it to the top of Notch Mountain from this campground?

JIM: About 7 miles I should say.

MARY: And the people have to hike up there?

JIM: Yeah or go horseback - there's a good trail. - On top of the mountain they built a big stone shelter-house for protection in stormy weather and from there they can look across this canyon to the big white cross on the Mount of Holy Cross.

MARY: My, isn't it beautiful? It's all natural too, isn't it? Jerry, when you go I'm going too.

JERRY: Right you are Mary.

MARY: I'd like to know how the Mount of the Holy Cross got its name?

JIM: Well, its true source is kinda doubtful but from what I've heard it was first discovered and named by two Spanish monks who wandered through that region teaching the Indians - doggone this pipe.

JERRY: Here's another match, Jim.

JIM: Thanks, Jerry. (SCRATCHES..PUFFS) the name was known to civilization east of the Rockies long before anything definite was known of the mountain or of the cross. There's a lot of old Indian, Spanish and American legends about it.

MARY: Legends - oh, I'm crazy about them.

BESS: Mary there's one about a Franciscan monk that I like best of all.

JIM: (LAUGHS) All right, Bess, think you can stand it again?

MARY: Of course she can and I'd love to hear it.

JIM: Well, Jerry, how about you?

JERRY: Oh, don't mind me if the women folks want it

JIM: (LAUGHS) Well the story goes that "many years ago, when Franciscan friars were earnestly engaged in the work of converting the inhabitants of Mexico to the worship of the true God, a monk in Spain yielded to the tempter and committed an unpardonable sin. It was revealed to him in a vision that when he saw a cross suspended in the air it would be a token of forgiveness. He joined an expedition to Mexico and wandered over the country in search of the sacred symbol until his hair was frosted and his limbs infirm with age. Finding no rest for his soul he joined an exploring party coming north.

"By winding ways they traveled; from mountain summits, where the sunshine lingers, to valley barred with light and shadows, through deep defiles robed in verdure, girdled with flowers and crowned with snow, onward they went.

"Arriving one day on the summit of a lofty mountain, they pitched their tents. It was not the hour to camp, but their further progress was prevented by a dense fog that with the morning sun rose from the ground and gradually grew until it mingled with the clouds and enveloped the whole earth. (MORE)

JIM: "The pious man wandered away from the sound of human voices to pray for the removal of his burden of sin. Kneeling in deep humility, he raised his hands and voice to God, when lo! the cloud was lifted and suspended above him, resplendent with the rays of the glorious sun, was the CROSS. "The great spirit of the mountain breathed forgiveness and his soul went out in joy. "Wondering at his long delay his companions went to search for him and found him dead, in the attitude of prayer, his face toward the Mount of the Holy Cross."

MARY: Mr. Robbins, I have never heard anything more beautiful.

JERRY: I wonder if it's true.

JIM: (LAUGHS) I don't know - (SERIOUSLY) But to tell the truth I've always hoped it was. Here, Mary, is another picture of the peak that shows the cross close up. It's a natural crevasse filled with snow. It's about 1200 feet long.

MARY: My goodness, as large as that - it must be wonderful.

JIM: It takes more than one adjective to describe it.

MARY: You know, Mr. Robbins, that story you told almost made me cry.

JERRY: It 'bout got my goat, too, Mary.

JIM: Well, the Holy Cross Forest is worth the trip if you ever can make it - (LAUGHS) and when you stand on Notch Mountain and look across that deep chasm you'll feel like a Christian whether you are or not.

BESS: (STERNLY) Jim Robbins, don't be -

JIM: Now, Bess, I'm not sacriligious, if that's what you're goin' to say, but I've seen folks go there merely out of curiosity and come away bowed in a humility of spirit they'd never known before.

JERRY: I know what you mean, Jim. I've always been curious to see the Holy Cross, but now - well, if I ever go there I guess it won't be just out of curiosity.

(FADE OUT)

ANNOUNCER: Well, folks, that was another story about one of our National Forests, the Holy Cross National Forest in Colorado. The old time rangers like Ranger Jim did some mighty fine work in the early development of our great National Forest system. Maybe Ranger Jim will tell us a little about some of the other National Forests one of these days. He and Jerry will be with us again next Friday at this time

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